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Original Poetry.

I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD AGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

[In sending us the following poem, Mr. Morford writes as follows:—"I send you, as you will perceive, an off-set to 'Ella Elwood's' beautiful poem, 'I Would I Were a Child Again,' in the Post of the 29th ult. I presume she is in earnest in her wish. I am fully as much so in my disclaimer. Perhaps we represent the phases of happy and unhappy childhood. Perhaps, as I have hinted in her mind the past may seem brighter than it was; perhaps, in mine, it may be colored by after suffering. Choose ye between these philosophies."]

I would not be a child again,
Oh, never call me back
To tread, with fettered heart and brain,
That long and weary track.
To see all things with fettered eyes,
To bear a mastered will,
To gaze, far off, on Paradise,
And be forbidden still.

I would not be a child again,
Although from all around
I hear the fond wish breathed in vain
To pass again the bound,
To breathe once more the cheerful air
That childhood's lip inhales,
And play, without a thought or care,
In childhood's sunny vales.

I would not be a child again,
Not even for the art
To pour the soft and welcome rain
Upon a barren heart;
Not even to recall my life,
As if it had not been;
Unload my heart from pride and strife,
And bleach my page of sin.

I would not be a child again,
Even to feel once more
The glorious throbbings in the brain
That early manhood wore;
Not even to love as I loved first,
Not for the tide of song
That once from out my spirit burst,
And bore my life along.

I would not be a child again,
No memory lives for me
That ever my weak head has lain
Upon a mother's knee;
I hear no word of kindness now
Outspoke in childhood's day,
I bear no sadness on my brow
For playmates passed away.

I would not be a child again—
I see, when I look back,
The dragging of a weary chain
Upon an endless track;
Harsh laughter from the careless throng,
Cold words from lips as cold,
And torture, when my heart was young,
That made my spirit old.

I would not be a child again,
I cannot but believe
That those who mourn o'er childhood's waste,
Their own weak hearts deceive.
That fancy paints with colors mild
What sober truth would ban;
I feel, I know, a happier child
Would be a happier man.

I would not be a child again,
My spirit holds its place,
I breathe no prayer to retain
One moment of my race;
I envy Time no more his wings,
Nor seek to hold him fast,
I stand firm for all the future brings,
And ne'er regret the past.

Romance of History.

STORY OF ANTHONY CROZAT, THE GREAT BANKER: OR, A FATHER'S LOVE.

Gayarre, in his Romance of the *History* of Louisiana, relates at length the following interesting and touching story of Crozat and his lovely daughter.

The colony of Louisiana had been in a lingering condition, gasping for breath from its cradle, until 1712, when on the 14th of September the King of France granted to Anthony Crozat the Royal Charter, with exclusive privileges, that virtually made Crozat the supreme lord and master of the colony. The story of this remarkable man is thus continued by our author:

Anthony Crozat was one of those men who dignified commerce, and recall to memory those princely merchants, of whom Genoa, Venice, and Florence boasted of yore. Born a peasant's son, on the estate of one of the great patricians of France, he was, when a boy, remarked for the acuteness of his intellect; and having the good fortune of being the foster brother of the only son of his feudal lord, he was sent to school by his noble patron, received the first rudiments of education, and at fifteen was placed, as clerk, in a commercial house. There, by the protection of the nobleman, who never ceased to evince the liveliest interest in his fate, and particularly by the natural ascendency of his strong genius, he rose, in the course of twenty years, to be a partner of his employer, married his daughter, and shortly after that auspicious event, found himself, on the death of his father-in-law, one of the richest merchants in Europe. He still continued to be favored by circumstances, and having had the good fortune of loaning large sums of money to the Government in cases of emergency, he was rewarded for his services by his being ennobled and created Marquis du Chatel.

So far, Crozat had known but the sunny side of life; but for every man the hour of trial must strike, sooner or later, on the clock of fate, and the length of intenseness of the felicity that one has enjoyed, is generally counterbalanced by a proportionate infliction of calamity. Happy is he, perhaps, whom adversity meets on the threshold of existence, and accompanies through part of his career. Then, the nerves of youth may resist the [...]

[...] From that fatal event, there never was a day when the recollections of the past did not fill his soul with anguish.

Crozat's only consolation was his daughter. The never ceasing anxiety with which he watched over her, until she grew into womanhood, would beggar all description; and even then she remained a frail flower, which to be kept alive, required to be fanned by the gentlest zephyrs, and to be softly watered from that spring which gushes from the deep well of the heart, at the touch of true affection. She was exquisitely beautiful, but there was this peculiarity in her beauty, that although her person presented that voluptuous symmetry, that rich fullness of form, and that delicate roundness of outline which artists admire, yet soul predominated in her so much over matter, that she looked rather like a spirit of the air, than an incarnation of mortality. She produced the effect of an unnatural apparition; forgetting the fascinations of the flesh, one would gaze at her as something not of this world, and feel for her such love as angels may inspire. She appeared to be clothed in terrestrial substance, merely because it was necessary to that earthly existence which she wore as a garment not intended for her, and which had been put on only by mistake. She was out of place; there was something in her organization, which disqualified her for the companionship of the sons of Eve; she looked as if she had strayed from a holier sphere. Those who knew her were impressed with an undefinable feeling that she was a temporary loan made to earth by Heaven, and that the slightest disappointment of her heart in her nother career, would send her instantly to a fitter and more congenial abode. Alas! there are beings invested with such exquisite sensibility that the vile clay which enters into their composition, and which may be intended as a protecting texture, without which human life would be intolerable for the spirit within, imbibing too much of the ethereal essence to which it is allied, ceases to be a shield against the ills we are heirs to, in this valley of miseries. It is a mark set upon them! It is a pledge that the wounded soul, writhing under repeated afflictions, will wear out its frail tenement, and soon escape from its ordeal. Such was the threatened fate of Andrea, the daughter of Crozat. And he knew it, the poor father! he knew it, and he trembled! and he lived in perpetual fear; and he would clasp his hands, and in such agonies as the paternal heart only knows, kneeling down, humbling himself in the dust, he would pour out prayers (oh, how eloquent!) that the Almighty, in His infinite mercy, would spare his child!

Crozat had sedulously kept up the closest relations with his noble friend and patron, to whom there had also been born but one heir, a son, the sole pillar of a ducal house, connected with all the imperial and royal dynasties of Europe. A short time after his wife's death, Crozat had had the misfortune to follow to the grave the duke, his foster brother; and his daughter Andrea, who was known to lack at home the tender nursing of a mother, had been tendered the splendid hospitality of the dowager duchess, where she had grown up in a sort of sisterly intimacy with the young duke. There she had conceived, unknowingly to herself, at first, the most intense passion for her youthful companion, which, when it revealed itself to her dismayed heart, was kept carefully locked up in its inmost recesses. Poor maiden! The *longum latere amorem* was fatally realised with her, and she could not tear herself from the allurements of the banquet upon which she daily feasted her affections. Unknown her secret, she lived in fancied security, and, for a while, enjoyed as pure a happiness as may be attained to—the happiness of dreams!

One day, a rumor arose that a matrimonial alliance was in the way of preparation for that lineal descendant of a princely race, for the young duke, who was the concealed idol of her heart. There are emotions which it would be too much for human endurance to hide from a systematic eye, much less from parental penetration, and on that day the terrible truth burst upon Crozat, and stunned him with an unexpected blow. It was a hurricane of woes sweeping through his heart; he felt as if he and his child were in a tornado, out of which to save her was impossible. Too well he knew his Andrea, and too well he knew that she would not survive the withering of her hopes, wild as they were! "Time!" exclaimed he, as he paced his room with hurried steps, holding communion with himself, "Time, that worker of great things, must be gained! But how!" A sudden thought flashed through his brain! Thank God, he clutched the remedy! Was it not currently reported and believed that the betrothed of the duke loved one, of equally noble birth, but whose proffered hand had been rejected by an ambitious father, merely because fortune, with her golden gifts, did not back his pretensions? That was enough! And Crozat, on that very day, had sought and found the despairing lover. "Sir!" said he, to the astonished youth, "in the civil wars which desolated France, during the minority of Louis XIV., and which ruined your family, several millions were extorted from your father, by one who then had the power. Here they are—it is a restitution—ask no name—I am a mere agent and bound to secrecy." The strange tale was taken as true, and in a short time the betrothed of the young duke was led to the hymenial altar by a more successful rival.

Crozat had been a traitor and a liar!—a traitor to his friend and benefactor's son! But he was a father!—and he saw his daughter's tomb already wide open and gaping for the expected prey! And was she not to be rescued at any cost? And was he to stand with folded arms, and to remain passive, while, in his sight, despair slowly chiselled the cold, sepulchral marble destined for his child? No!—he saved her, and did not stop to inquire whether the means he employed were legitimate. Now, he saw her smile again and resume, as it were, that current of life which was fast ebbing away!—and he was happy! And had he not a sufficient excuse to plead at that seat of judgment which every man has within his own breast, when the shrill voice of conscience rose against him in accusation, and said, "Thou hast done wrong! to save thyself, or thine, thou hast been recreant to thy trust—thou hast injured thy neighbor, and acted dishonorably!" Crozat, however, was not the man to lay a flattering unction to his soul. There was in him no false logic of a corrupt mind to argue successfully against the plain voice of truth; his were not the ears of the wicked, deaf to the admonitions of our inward monitor. However [...]

[...] It was so appalling, that his servants and the few attending friends, who had remained attached to his falling fortune, receded with an involuntary shudder from his approach, and from the touch of his hand, it was so icy cold! At last the gloomy procession reached the solemn place of repose. The poor father had followed it on foot, with his hand resting on his daughter's coffin, as if afraid that what remained of the being he had loved so ardently, might flee away from him. When the tomb was sealed, he waved away the crowd. They dared not disobey when such grief spoke, and Crozat remained alone. For a while, he stood staring, as in a trance, at his daughter's tomb: then, a slight twitch of the muscles of his face, and a convulsive quiver of the lips might have been seen. Sensibility had returned! He sunk on his knees, and from those eyes, so long dry, there descended, as from a thunder-cloud, a big heavy drop, on the cold sepulchral marble. It was but one solitary tear, the condensed essence of such grief as the human body cannot bear; and as this pearly fragment of the dew of mortal agony fell down on the daughter's sepulchre, the soul of the father took its flight to heaven. Crozat was no more!

Humorous Sketch.

THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

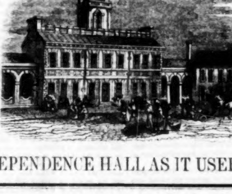
BY THE AUTHOR OF GEORGIA SKETCHES.

We reached Savannah, just at night-fall of a cold December's evening. As we approached the tavern of Mr. Blank, at which we designed to stop, Ned proposed to me that we should drop our acquaintance until *he* should choose to renew it. To this proposition I most cordially assented, for I knew, that so doing, I should be saved some mortifications, and avoid a thousand questions, which I would not know how to answer. According to this understanding, Ned lingered behind, in order that I might reach the tavern alone.

On alighting at the public house, I was led into a large dining-room, at the entrance of which, to the right, stood the bar, opening into the dining-room. On the left, and rather nearer to the centre of the room, was a fire-place, surrounded by gentlemen. Upon entering the room, my name was demanded at the bar: it was given, and I took my seat in the circle around the fire. I had been [...]

Our Picture Gallery.

FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION."



INDEPENDENCE HALL AS IT USED TO BE

[...] waxed exceedingly petulant, and having nothing else to scold, she scolded the servants of course.

Waffles were handed to Ned, and he took one; batter-cakes were handed, and he took one; and so on of muffins, rolls, and corn-bread. Having laid in these provisions, he turned into his plate, upon his waffle and batter-cake, some of the crumbs of the several kinds of bread which he had taken, in different proportions, and commenced mashing all together with his knife. During this operation the landlady frowned and pouted—the servants giggled—and the boarders were variously affected.

Having reduced this mess to the consistency of a hard poultice, he packed it all up to one side of his plate in the form of a terrapin, and smoothed it all over nicely with his knife. Nearly opposite to Ned, but a little below him, sat a waspish little gentleman, who had been watching him with in- [...]

"Then, really," continued the husband, "he is a very interesting object, and I congratulate you upon getting so early into his confidence; but as I am not quite as much captivated with his unaffected graces as you seem to be, I shall take the liberty, in charity to the rest of my boarders, of requesting him to-morrow, to seek other lodgings."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. B., in the goodness of her heart, with a countenance evincive of the deepest feeling, "I would not have you do such a thing for the world. He's only going to stay a few days."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so, and do let's bear with him that short time. He sha'nt trouble you or the boarders any more."

"Why, Sarah," said the landlord, "I do believe [...]

[...] made a more gentlemanly apology than he did to me, for his peculiarities; and no one could have urged it more feelingly."

"One thing is very certain," said the husband, "if he be not flighty himself, he has a wonderful knack of making everybody else so. Sancric ran away from him just now, as if he had seen the devil—called him by one name when he left the room, by another at the door, told me where he came from, and finally swore he did not know him at all."

Ned having slipped softly from the bar into the entry, during this interview, entered the dining-room as if from the street.

An explanation took place, Ned making the landlord and landlady keep mum on the subject. He continued to play his pranks upon the good people of Savannah a few days longer, until his business was completed. "Mr. Snotberg" was was never forgotten by the inmates of the hotel, or his friend the Frenchman.

Selected Poetry.

TO GRACE GREENWOOD.

FROM THE LYNN NEWS.

[Among the communications directed to this gifted and popular young authoress, during her recent visit to this town, was the following, which came anonymously, and which we are permitted to publish.—Ed. News.]

Welcome! thou, whose pen so often
Hath our lonely evenings cheered;
Thou, whose words our spirits soften;
Thou, so much to us endeared,
Though our eyes have never seen thee, yet by us thou art revered.

Here a thousand beauties greet thee,
Who so well hast sung their praise;
Gentle perfumes waft to meet thee;
And the flowers their heads upraise,
With a blush to meet thy glances, growing dim before thy gaze!

Hearts already taught to love thee,
Souls that mingle oft with thine,
Bear a glowing sheen above thee,
Grateful, loving and benign—
Clinging firmly to thy spirit, like the claspings of a vine.

"Joy be thine!" shall be our greeting,
Though to thee we are unknown;
With thy heart *our* pulse is beating,
And our love still claims thine own—
Hiding, as our grateful incense on the air to thee is thrown.

Bright as sun-lit clouds at morning,
Be thy pathway to the skies,
Love, like flowers thy life adorning,
On thy heaven-ward passage rise,
Till thy feet that "golden street" have trod whose beauty never dies.

Lynn, July, 1848. SISTERS.

A Good Answer.—A good anecdote is told of a celebrated English divine, who, receiving a morning visit in his study, was asked by his friend—"Doctor, why do you sit in such a place as this? You have no room to swing a cat." "I do not want to swing a cat, sir," was the reply.

Original Tales.

THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

After this conference the nurses returned to the ward. One took off Mrs. Chester's outer garments, while the other proceeded to arrange the empty cot. In the same bed, the same sheets, and on the very pillow from which the dead had just been removed, they laid the helpless woman. Upon her fair hands and face still rested the dust that had all day long been gathering upon her from the street,—but the largest hospital in America contained no bath, though the Croton water gushed everywhere around the buildings—or none that might refresh the patient. There was a shower bath for punishment of the penitentiary women, but for their suffering charge—sweet comfort—not even that.

They laid her down, therefore, unrefreshed in the dead woman's couch, and there she lay moaning like the rest, lifting her sweet voice louder and louder in the fever excitement—for the noise, the air and the horrid sights everywhere in the room drove her brain wild. She flung up her hands and laughed as the nurses passed to and fro before her bed. She called them angels—those two besotted creatures, and besought them with wild, sweet energy to cherish and care for Chester while she was so far away—and those women promised her cajolingly, patting her head with their bloated hands, which, in her madness, she would gather to her bosom or kiss eagerly with her hot lips.

The ordinary course of her disease might not have arrived so early to the fierce virulence that it had now obtained, but the day had been one of fearful turmoil even to a healthy person, and this fever grows fierce and strong upon such cause in a single hour. [...]

[...] soft rain-drops that fell around; nothing could be more beautiful than the words that denoted this bright change in her wanderings. Mary's heart thrilled to hear those words, for she knew that it was her hand that had created the paradise in which her suffering friend fancied herself to be wandering.

Only once during the next twenty-four hours did Mary leave that humble bed, then it was to accompany Isabelle to the matron, who kindly gave her a pillow, and allowed her to lie down on the carpet in her room. The poor child was completely worn out with fatigue and grief.

But Mary never left her watch for a minute—all the evening she sat by Mrs. Chester's couch, bathing the forehead of her benefactress, cooling the palms of her hands, and listening to the soft murmurs that fell from her lips.

About ten in the evening, there came into the ward a young man, not more than twenty years of age, and singularly effeminate in his appearance. He wore a loose calico dressing-gown, and embroidered slippers. His manners were gentle, and he seemed greatly distressed by all the misery that surrounded him. Never in his brief existence had this young man prescribed for a patient, till he entered the Hospitals at Bellevue, and there he stood in the midst of a pestilence that might have taxed the skill of twenty old physicians, free to tamper as he pleased with all that mass of human misery. It was well for those poor creatures, that this young student made up in goodness of heart what he lacked in experience. He did not fear the pestilence half so much as his own ignorance—but for that professional pride which clings so powerfully to the young, he would have resigned at once, rather than take upon his conscience the solemn responsibility of life and death, as it lay before him in that fever ward. But the ignorance that does nothing, is preferable to that which absolutely kills. Doctor Towlist had little confidence in his own skill, but he did not strangle nature with his presumption, and lacking deeper skill, made a kind nurse. He had learned how to watch the changes of this disease—all-important thing to know—and gave little medicine, but was prompt at sustaining life with stimulants when the time came for that—altogether, it was a fortunate chance for the poor creatures huddled in that fever ward, that they were consigned to no worse hands.

The young doctor went his rounds, with a small blank book in his hand, writing down with a pencil the few and simple prescriptions that he gave. His presence had a soothing effect upon the [...]

Harper not in enough, his husband, not to put too fine a point upon it, was a drunkard. He had been—and was living to prove spirit an enemy to his kind from—not then it seemed to her sense of outrage and shame, but from the beginning—with Omaha; she narrowed nothing but evil blessings upon the man who had been to woman through a tenderness, in the fullness of her imagining, gratitude she were still the issue. All upon the puppet gallant to attack the Harper had chosen for her. While the tears were yet in her eyes the vain, cruel, selfish, and passed on to the battlefield to assess Barry valorously in the fair, and by that night had scores counted. Of the gentleman he, the poor victim always assumed that she was not ill, that nothing was the matter with her, that every misfortune—she understood the people would cease her so with the qualms that her economy—

That another night came on, and again Mary remained, housed as usual by the fire. The low room chamber she strained, made quite a new creature of her, she was cool—as to be doubly vigilant—to be certain not to see of the sudden persons accord for should lack nourishment or care. The horse an idea here elsewhere and since the little creature grew, in a sense of her power to accomplish good intercourse, it was keen. It was strange, but after the first few minutes she never once thought of the dangers. There she was, her life and happiness the very most of it, but it seemed quite impossible to the brave girl that the fever should reach her, and it seemed to be so. Perhaps this very confidence protected her, for while she thinked always of Barry bravely, she scarcely produced any effect upon her.

The window was darker and bitter in their hearts ought to the child all day. They seemed to think her an intruder, and, but for the young physician, she must have been driven forth from the ward by her own mother. Turned right these two women whispered much heartbreaking gossip into the passage where several nurses from other wards met once themselves. As it was, a night or so Mrs. Chester took into a fetid sleep, and then encouraged the little watcher, who sat gazing wistfully on her ease, scarcely daring to move, though the nurse seemed was still sentient. The baron swept on, and darkness gathered over those pretty couches. Mary looked up through the gloom and saw her mother coming softly from couch to couch, and making herself very busy with the medicines. The doctor had just made his last visit for the night, and finding little Clarice fast and evidently sinking, he ordered for her both tonic and wine to be given at once; sometime, but very frequently during the night.

The tin cup which held those precious stimulants—for they were precious in the sick room, holding life and death in their strength—stood upon a little stool near Mrs. Chester's bed, and from there the cups that drew the cause like a vampire to the spot where her child sat watching.

"Go!" she said, in a more kindly tone than she had hitherto used when addressing the fourth time, "go and bring that little lonely child to me, that she may not hear mother upon to-night—I say pass she would like to see her last asleep, as she is near to!"

Mary arose, dismissed, she knew not why, with the tone of rejoicing insolence in which she had been addressed. But Mrs. Chester sit up, and during the next ten minutes would not require her attendance. Instead had been pleasing like a lost, alone she came to the Alms House, and Mary knew that it would cheer her to see the poor mother in that calm sleep. She will with some remarkable reluctance at her heart, the child went forth. The moment she was out of sight, the watched woman pressed like a bird of prey upon those miraculous tot cups, and poured three-fourths of their contents into a dark earthen pitcher that she carried under her apron; then she replaced the cups with water, leaving just one of the original contents to color the water.

The next visit Mary entered was rubbier in like manner, and then with her black pitcher reeking with the life she had plundered from those poor creatures, the wretch went out, conspiring with a shudder her horrid deed with the sin, half fear of heaven, which the younger nurse had gathered from her end of the ward.

Merely, Barry, we may get through before the young contrivance comes back to catch us at work! She has got the eye of a hawk, I can tell you," cried the old woman, emptying her pitcher into the pan, which was carried away to a safe corner by her accomplice. "Come, you bring the water and fill up after me. There is full twenty bole left yet. I gave the right sort of symptoms to the doctor, and he left the kind of medicine that we like best for almost the whole lot."

The young woman followed her ruthless leader into the ward, carrying the water pitcher in her unsteady hand, for she had not reached the hardened audacity of her prompters, and there was something in the scene to make even a debauch a rare crumble.

"Don't, don't take from their lips! they will die before morning, if we should!" she whispered, as the eyes of a patient, full of heart-rending entreaty, was turned upon them each. "See, this one is so feeble!"

"Fob, a little beauty, more or less, what does it signify?" cried Mrs. Fellows—we cannot bear to mislead the wretched creature by the name she bore by that good child.

"The wine, then leave the wine. I did not take a drop!"

"Bless me, you! why not there will up to getter, and they were so strong again."

"Hush!" and the young woman, "don't scold so! I love her coming. Leave the rest, we shall be found out."

Here, take the and give me the water. There, out of the way, and see that you mind what you tell I come!"

The young woman hurried out of the room, meeting Mary Foster and little Isabelle in the passage.

"They want water. I am going for more water. It is wonderful how they keep on craving night and day!" she said, similar to cure off their attention will a gentleman fondness.

Mother of the little girl's answered, but passed gaily into the ward.

Mrs. Foster was by a cot near the door, holding her weary partner to the lips of a patient; a ravaged agony more than the fever fortunate. "Ah, here you are!" she said, striking to the children; "she is coming yet. Don't make any more noise than you can help."

Isabelle went up to her mother's cot and kneeling by it, looked earnestly upon the pale and beautiful face.

"Is she better—we have white she is, how that and deep her eyes are sunken. She hardly breathes at all. Oh, Mary, is she better?"

"Yes, the doctor says so—and she does not matter to herself or seem to confirm as she did. I think, Isabelle, that she is better."

The tears gushed into Isabelle's beautiful eyes. She bent down and tenderly kissed the pale face of her mother. Mrs. Chester started and opened her eyes, they fell upon Isabelle, and instantly the full pain was blended with hate.

"Isabelle, my child!" The words were very low, very weak, but oh, how earnest; they fell upon those young hearts.

"She knows me—oh, Mary, she knows me!" cried the child, and her beautiful face grew radiant and about the tears that covered it, like a flower struck with sunshine and dew, but her interest on the parole. "Mamma, oh, my own mamma, this is Mary, our Mary Foster."

The sick woman turned her eyes fully toward her little nurse. She tried to raise her hand, but only shook on the threshold quilt.

Mary, my good, good Mary!"

Mary knelt down a moment by her little friend, and her big fear hand wept in several and grateful joy.

"Where am I? Where have I been?" she said at the invalid, still more faintly.

"You are with us, in our home!" answered Mary, almost catching her breath, for she dared not tell the poor lady where she really was.

But Mrs. Chester was not quite convinced, her eyes closed, and she seemed breathed. Mary thanked up and peered out a spectacle to which she appeared to be wise.

"Fancy! the mistress—every ten minutes we must give her three—with the bed ice when she can take it!"

"Let me sit, let me give it to her this moment," pleaded Isabelle.

Mary resigned the pewter spoon with a brief smile, and Isabelle held the ordered water to her mother's pale lips. Then Mrs. Chester opened her eyes, and she seemed watching her with their most tragical agony. Once except one sentence little utterance would start up by the pillow and pour the misery of strength between those white and parted lips.

Again, having used each time the word "poor" as an appeal to them again—but, as she urged on, all such declared to be the last time—she fell into three into children on with their arms interlocked and their heads together, as they poured out from the ward—and crept, each with an extra ice pitcher in her hand, down the Hospital stairs, and out into the open air.

CHAPTER XIII.

Between the Hospitals at Bellevue and the Alms House midway in natural small enclosure, spacious extended over fourteen, but altogether boasting a barren and dreary unsolaced thereby. Within these enclosures are a few offices and sheltered some necessary to a small community, and there is no much shops and for the ordinary purposes of the Hospitals.

In one of these sheltered there was a shocking and most fiendish scene going on that night. From the various wards of the Hospital came creeping through the darkness women three and three and more, to the number of twenty, to where the cry and of a entrance had been given. Some crept stealthily and at once entered the sheltered precincts of it, some of this horrid night, when others stole, like ghosts with horror, and then all had the strange parallel with the unseen front of the Hospital, combining themselves beneath the willow trees and the shadow cast by the building, while still they knew they gropes eagerly along the wall. They found, after some trouble, the cards for which they are seeking, each with a piece of iron at the end, that had been cut out of the wall by an accomplice outside the gate. Three of these cards lay together across the wall, three more lurked each from the next and each of the twenty had their own station with a battle at the end, which, as it reached the top of the wall, fell into the yard and was drawn back with a cord to it.

The battle was broken in the fall, for the men continued to receive it was very old, and he could not see into the others—when the battles was drawn back and the cord was thrown over the wall, the pitcher at each. The cord was tied with white handkerchiefs, and the twenty women who had come for the purpose gathered somewhat in the entrance that represented her. With feelings of the most fiendish delight they watched the Charlie's cards, that had been lost safely from the wall, and the twenty pitchers of water that they brought. Softly the bold for benefactions down-stairs, and then the twenty women in the darkness, bling heads a crouch from the violets, crouched, and the very spray of the willow trees, which for the last night of the season the weeping trees. The fiercest bleeding of my people with the rich gold of the crowns, the sharp shriek of the women who followed by the roar within of the bloodiest colors—all these were the elements of the horrible scene.

In fact we have not the highest opinion of logic, and we are not sure that it is not perhaps generally used. A thing by means of which we prove and that the have can never catch the tortoise, or the fleet-footed Achilles can never get by the side of the tortoise. Logic is a kind of machine for making a conclusion remorselessly, but it is not creative. The science has contains its practical instructions as to chemistry, but it does not contain the secret of sophiste how perfumed roses are to be procured in a damp or under-ground position, contains suggestions as to the best method of making a fine drawn a bridge or railroad one, and how to blow up a fortress, but contains no remarks on genius.

We repeat, then, the crisis is come. Ireland must be pacified, and the only possible compromise between liberty and slavish submission. The effect has gone forth to disarm her—and a nation is disarmed when it is told that it may have another sword—but worthy of liberty. A brave people will not accept a position much inferior, resulting to rise, but no nation composed of intelligent individuals will submit to be treated as a child or an idiot. In other forgetfulness of the fact that they themselves, under similar circumstances, would have resisted to the death. The people have no patience in the thought that an insurrection in Ireland would be a mere military promenade, that it would be beyond agitation in a time of blood. A people who have fought a New York paper says, "with the pick, could predict the consequence of having away my important ally from the side of right.

But free as Free Agency is, it is not the whole truth. Under the name of Free Agency we find the laws of organization and of circumstances. What these laws are we know not, but we feel that they exist. It is a great truth which has been tortured and misapplied by fatalists, that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

And first as to organization. The Scripture says that the sins of parents are visited upon their children; and daily we have instances of what is wanted, in its truth. The statistics of Massachusetts prove that of the hundreds of idiots in that State, nine out of ten (we think the proportion is) have had parents who were habitual drunkards. The life offspring of cousins inherit generally only inferior organization to that of the children of persons not connected by more than the ordinary degree of relationship. Could we know all the laws of organization and of circumstances, what a flood of light would be thrown upon the mystery of human life! We could then see clearly how much of what we call sin is misfortune, how much of misfortune is the consequence of sin, and how much of both is the result of organization.

Let us leave to that time the mysteries in the false and the misfortune. Man is a Free Agent, and he is responsible for his actions. It is a truth which is one the language of Burke, "which is dear to the elements of the world together." Without this, there is no such thing as morality, and all religion is a mockery. Without this, there is no such thing as sin, for sin is a voluntary transgression of a known law. Without this, there is no such thing as virtue, for virtue is the voluntary obedience to a known law. Without this, there is no such thing as praise or blame, for we praise only the voluntary actions of moral beings, and we blame only the voluntary actions of moral beings. Without this, there is no such thing as punishment, for we punish only the voluntary violations of moral beings. Without this, there is no such thing as reward, for we reward only the voluntary actions of moral beings. Without this, there is no such thing as conscience, for conscience is the consciousness of having performed or violated a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as remorse, for remorse is the consciousness of having violated a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as merit, for merit is the consciousness of having performed a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as demerit, for demerit is the consciousness of having violated a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as approbation, for approbation is the consciousness of having performed a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as disapprobation, for disapprobation is the consciousness of having violated a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as God, for God is a moral governor, and without this there is no such thing as religion, for religion is the worship of God as a moral governor. Without this, there is no such thing as a Bible, for the Bible is a revelation of God as a moral governor. Without this, there is no such thing as heaven, for heaven is the reward of moral obedience. Without this, there is no such thing as hell, for hell is the punishment of moral disobedience. Without this, there is no such thing as a Saviour, for a Saviour is the deliverer from moral evil. Without this, there is no such thing as a Christian, for a Christian is a follower of Christ, who is a moral example. Without this, there is no such thing as a church, for a church is a body of moral beings. Without this, there is no such thing as a ministry, for a ministry is a body of moral beings. Without this, there is no such thing as a Sabbath, for the Sabbath is a day of moral rest. Without this, there is no such thing as prayer, for prayer is a moral duty. Without this, there is no such thing as a tear of penitence, for a tear of penitence is the expression of moral grief. Without this, there is no such thing as a heart, for the heart is the moral nature. Without this, there is no such thing as a soul, for the soul is a moral being. Without this, there is no such thing as a life, for life is a moral existence. Without this, there is no such thing as a world, for the world is a moral theatre. Without this, there is no such thing as a universe, for the universe is a moral empire. Without this, there is no such thing as a God, for God is a moral governor. Without this, there is no such thing as a Trinity, for the Trinity is a moral unity. Without this, there is no such thing as a Father, for a Father is a moral parent. Without this, there is no such thing as a Son, for a Son is a moral offspring. Without this, there is no such thing as a Holy Ghost, for the Holy Ghost is a moral agent. Without this, there is no such thing as a Trinity, for a Trinity is a moral unity. Without this, there is no such thing as a God, for God is a moral governor. 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United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848.

DREADFUL.

A party of Americans on their way to Santa Fe recently, were attacked by Indians, and compelled to retreat, abandoning their property and animals. Early in the morning of the 22nd ultimo, a Mr. Charles Town received a messenger which fluttered his nerves. The companions for whom he had come to hear him visit them, but knowing very brief, he requested that they would leave him. "Take care of yourselves, boys," said he, "I cannot proceed further." They left him, and a short time after, saw many Indians approaching him. Town still possessed his rifle and pistol, and with them killed two of the enemy ere he was overpowered.

Shortly after this, Gen. Lee received a ball in one of his thighs, which rendered him for a time carried about a mile by his companions, where, at his own request, he left them. He said he would not proceed further, and that if he should not be overtaken by the Indians, who were in pursuit, he would either bleed himself to death, or shoot himself. There was but little life remaining in him when he was left, and he died very probably soon.

It is dreadful! Only one thought relieves the horror of the scene, and that is the brilliant and valorous of those wounded men, "the would rather be abandoned to the tender mercies of the savages, than entail the loss of their companions." Such displays of true courage as of heroic manhood are beautiful, and deserve a profound admiration, and tend to elevate it to a category for equally noble and generous deeds.

ROMANTIC.

The Cape Ann Advertiser says of the inquiest of this city, raises the following—which a lovely romantic and sentimental, especially the latter, is a tolerably high degree:

"By the way, a somewhat singular meeting took place in the city a few days since. Some 20 years ago, two lovers who were 'engaged,' variety of the kind, but from some cause or other place in a few months. It happened, however, that while here, at that occasion, the lady made a new conquest in the person of a wealthy and successful merchant of Cincinnati. The result was that the 'engagement' was broken off, and a pair thereafter the 'ties' in connection with the life of the fortunate one of the 'Queen city.'

"Yesterday morning, and for the first time since the quarrel, the old lovers met face to face, in the sea! The recognition was instantaneous on the part of both—and the feelings of each, as well as the sympathy, as they knew that each had changed from the condition of lovers to that of bitter and irreconcilable enemies. The lady was accompanied by her husband—the gentleman by a friend—and both nearly satisfied. I saw the parties last evening, seeing as merely as a girlhood, in the same cottage! How fickle is love!"

FOLLY.

One of our contemporaries publishes the following letter from Boston, in relation to the Niagara Suspension bridge:

"This morning I saw the last pinch of my four bridge on the Chicago, and when I shall see it back again is a buggy. Five hundred feet of the bridge was in sections, which were put on to the horse, though spotted, went along quietly, touched up occasionally with the whip, and by the time I got to that he was in contented, and gave him courage.

On returning I discovered the horse had been being on his team—a two horse chaise carriage, carrying about one ton and a ton and a half. I put his place on the box and drove over and back. The road is a good one, and I found the bridge 'all right' and well, 150 feet high, 762 feet long, and without the least motion. Now, what do you think of my horse and myself, to move over it?"

Our contemporary denominates the above "a out of rain, cool faring." We do not endorse the compliment. If any object was to be gained, or tempted by the act, commensurate with the risk of life, we should have applied Mr. Elliot's term—"folly" as it seems to have been done out of mere idle bravado, we look upon his conduct as worthy only of censure.

STEAM BOILER ALARM WHISTLE.

We insert the following communication at the request of a subscriber:

Mr. Editor:—I have seen it stated in the Courier of July 8th, 1848, that Mr. H. B. Farnell, of Massachusetts, recently invented an improved steam boiler alarm whistle.

In March, 1846, Mr. Jeffry Collins, Cedarville, New Jersey, made a whistle on the same principle as the boiler on board the steamer Columbus, Burlington, so as to give no alarm to the contents whenever the water got too low in the boiler. Mr. Collins also invented and had made a steam whistle a few years ago. I am acquainted with Mr. Collins, and know him to be a man of truth, but have neglected doing so as yet; but am well acquainted with the whistle, and have seen the steam boiler alarm whistle, and not Mr. Farnell as stated.

Mr. Farnell, I believe, is a Yankee.

Chief Engineer on board the steamer Columbus, Burlington.

JOHN MITCHEL.

Mitchel is well, still wears his usual clothes, and is not ashed to work. He is allowed books, but nothing connected with politics or current events, he ascertained, but he does not look at all depressed. He says he is very grateful for the strong hope of his country's freedom and his own existence.

No one is allowed to speak to him, and all Irish not in the army, and who hold civil situations under the British government, have been dismissed, and a strict supervision kept on all the Irish who reside on the island.

Books or Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 180—adults 93, and children 111.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 2nd, on motion of Mr. Bell, the bill compensating Col. Gadsden for his services in the Chickasaw Academy, was taken up and passed.

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A message and the accompanying documents were received from the House, transmitting the Oregon Bill, passed on the 1st instant. It was read twice, when on motion of Mr. Clayton all beyond the Senate at considerable length. It is understood that the object of the bill had been passed by the Senate and defeated in the other House, which the Southern members had refused to vote for the Senate's amendment, and which the Northern members so giving up too much to the South.

Mr. Clayton, after expressing the hope that the bill would be finally passed, moved that it be referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Badger spoke briefly, and expressed his surprise that any Northern man should have opposed the Compromise Bill, and hoped it would be supported it.

Mr. Phelps followed, and said he was prepared to go home and face his constituency and vindicate his course on the Compromise Bill, and submit to their approval.

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The next question being upon the amendment appropriating fifty thousand dollars to pay for the the Amistad claims—Mr. Baldwin addressed the Senate in opposition to the amendment, which was opposed by, in which Messrs. Johnson, of Maryland, Badger, Bagby, and Bell, also spoke, after which, the amendment was carried in the affirmative. Yeas 31. Nays 21. Adjourned.

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Mr. Dix, from the same Committee, presented the House Bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to license certain vessels. Read a third time and passed.

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The Wilmot Proviso was released, with a proviso assigning its being North of the Missouri Compromise Line as a reason therefor. Mr. Davis gave notice that he would move to take up the bill on Monday. The report was ordered to be printed, with an additional number of copies for the use of the Senate.

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Mr. Benton submitted a resolution for consideration, to the effect that a public meeting of citizens, at Mr. Hart opened the debate upon the bill.

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Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

John Van Buren has come to the city, and spoke at Chicago, on the urgent invitation of the "Free Soil" men. Reason—Democracy, as a matter of course, is not to be thought of.

The Democratic State Convention assembled at Hartford, Conn., on the 2nd inst. The delegates were composed of all political parties. The Convention appointed eighteen delegates to the Buffalo Convention, six of whom were Democrats, six Whigs and six Free Soilers. They selected all the party men—as completed, and the State and County Committees appointed.

The Democratic State convention of Pennsylvania, followed in a speech in favor of his position. He was willing to support Cass and Butler, but he could not be induced to extension over free soil. It was to make men, and their rights, not negroes that he legislated for. He regretted that Cass and defended the majority in the House for killing the Senate's Territorial bill, and declared himself in favor of the veto, and no compromise at all.

Mr. Fuller followed in similar declarations, stating that if the bill had been put upon its final passage, a majority of the House would have defeated it, and some sparring here occurred between Messrs. Ingersoll, Cleaver, Vinton, Bowden and others, which, however, ended in nothing. The House then adjourned.

Mr. Birdsall then spoke in reply to Mr. Collamer and others, and defended the Buffalo Convention.

Mr. Lawrence was further continued by Messrs. Calhoun, Bayley, Talmadge, Newell and Boyden.

The session of the House was continued until 1 o'clock, when it was closed. The slavery debate on the Army Bill was participated in by Messrs. Taylor, of Ohio, Dickey, Gregory and Brodhead, of Pennsylvania.

On the morning of the 4th, the debate was resumed in committee, when some five speeches were delivered. Mr. Daniel advocated the South-ern view of the question.

Mr. Reitz followed, but said that he would take no action in regard to the matter. He was the owner of the day and define his position, but would say all that here and emphatically, that the Constitution of the Columbia River. The Company and the case of one individual, and the U. State Government, under the Oregon Treaty, has become a party to the arrangement, and it is not for Congress to act. Chevy Chase, of Maryland, addressed a letter to this effect to Mr. Buchanan. The Treaty had not the slightest use or force of the provisions, and if any new depends on the Senate's action or not.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The vote for Governor in forty-three counties of the State stands Dawes Democratic gain of 1,000, as compared with the Governor's election of 1844. There are thirty counties yet to hear from.

KENTUCKY.

Returns had not been received at the time of our going to press, of sufficient importance to publish.

Miscellaneous

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The marriage of Archduke John, selected as the head of the Austrian Empire, is the theme of romantic pool of his history. Always on the wing of love, and ever ready with a tone of fitly like Rivers. A debate arose on the amendment reported by the Committee on Territories, inserting the provisions of the Wilmot Proviso. When the debate had continued for the day, the question before the house was, inserting in nature thereof was, exclusive of officers, Reduced to the Committee of the Whole, and ordered to be printed.

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Selected Poetry.

GOOD-BYE TO MEXICO.

BY JOHN OF YORK.

Homeward our feet are turned once more—
The last to leave—the first to hail—
And now pines fondly for the home
That gives up other love, northern land.
Oh, how the heart with rapture skips!
How leap, in thought, our mountain cliffs!
And waves our dear paternal pine
Upon our friendship, smile and frown!
That we shall see and meet again!
Wound by our own sweet summer air!
Homeward we go!
Homeward we go! Oh, how the word is dear!
Home—that we left long years ago—
When first the dust of war was raised,
And now, our soldier's duty done,
We leave this land of bones and sun
In never-changing summer-time—
To gardens and to groves of fruit,
And avenues of tropic trees—
To flow, in current, and in love.
Oh! land of beauty, peerless bright!
Of snow-capped peaks and rolling plains!
Yet shrouded in a darker night
Than ever Egypt's rhetoric retains!
The stranger, paying from thy store,
Thy glories to behold no more,
Bids thee farewell with sinking heart
As his swift bark leaps o'er the sea,
And on the vessel's stern he stands
Prays God that thou mayst yet be free!

Farewell—to thee, my native home,
Thy sacred long upon thy sod,
Farewell!—though entering not a tear,
I bid thee without hope or speed,
For parting sets—farewell to thee!
The stranger hope that thou may'st yet
Rise from thy living grave, and stand
Before the nations, cool and proud,
Possessing all within the land—
A free and independent state!

Farewell—the spoon not sinking fast
Behind you grey "cloud-like" light—
I feel the rock will be the last,
Yet no regret now, this,
For all my hopes and all my fears
Are with the scenes of earlier years—
Fond memories fast around me throng,
And shall I, can I, break the spell?
One parting word—a deep, a long
A heavy, and a last FAREWELL!

First (Weekly) Edition, June 12, 1846]
City of Mexico, June 12, 1846 }

Natural History.

TORPIDITY OF ANIMALS.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In the torpid state, the temperature of the animal's body sinks to about that of the surrounding medium. For example, it has been observed to sink down from one hundred to forty-three degrees of Fahrenheit; but the existence of the body is sustained then the interior. The breath is drawn at long intervals; digestion is entirely suspended; circulation nearly so. The irritability is so much reduced, that parts of the limbs of the animals may be cut off without their giving any signs of feeling. A shock of electricity failed to rouse a dormouse. Experiments have shown that the hybernating animals in a perfectly torpid state consume an oxygen, and run lives in an air which will not support either life or combustion."

Reptiles, in as far as their sensibility to cold is greater than that of animals, are more liable to fall into torpidity when exposed to the necessary conditions. It is well known that the frog and toad in this country spend the winter in slumber. Serpents and tortoises fall under the same rule as all countries where the temperature is sufficiently low. Aquatic reptiles, when about to hybernate, crawl into the mud, and there repose for the season; the alligator previously stopping up its mouth with a plug or cypress knot. Land reptiles, again, with drawn into crevices of rocks and hollows in the ground, taking care that these are so situated as to promise protection from enemies. It is not known that any fishes hybernate; the usually eyeable temperature of the water may seem to be too high for it to take place; but it is known that they are capable of that entire suspension of life which occasionally thrive place in reptiles under the influence of heat. "In the year 1788," says the Abbe Franklin, in the Narrative of his Journey to the Polar Sea, "at last an ice broke out of the sea, and, in a short time became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two of a hatchet, were easily split open, when the inmates could be removed at one lump. It is the completely frozen state they were found; but the fire, they recovered their animation. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with vigour after it has been frozen for thirty-six hours." Toads have been in like manner found, as the their limbs might be bends or all five pieces of clay hardened by a cold blood forming, and yet, on being thawed, they recovered.

Snails are amongst the most noted of the invertebrate animals which the commonly withdraw from the whole business of existence. Sensing cannot be denied to them, they retire into their shells down to the operculum or sort of door then coming up their house, and then go to sleep. It is remarkable of them that they can become torpid at pleasure, and independently of temperature. Bees, as is well known, fall into utter insensibility under a low temperature, and readily receive when properly warmed. Spiders spend the winter sleeping in the corners of their webs. The crickets, which has been ascertained to be so liable to torpidity under cold as any other insect, is remarkable for its systematically avoiding this fate in winter by negotiating—for it is a question—a warm kitchen, lake-house, and cottage kreuzer, or where it can obtain its warmth, and is so merry at Christmas as in the dog-days."

Some of the hitherto anomalous facts have been found liable to explanation by the researches of Dr. Grant. These are certain species which steadily live in the manner and pattern of hybernation. The examiner, when the most and the dead collected in the garden become putrefied and rot, may be the remains, the anomalies are cleared up, too, and has every sign of life. Let a dead animal, and they revive. In like manner the so-called "coals" of mildewed corn, after lying dry, and to all appearance dead, for a long time, will revive to life again on the application of a drop of water. Mummies has revived some succeeding after a lapsing of a twenty-seven years. Of late years, it has been ascertaining, that animals, after being dried in the usual way, may be subjected in a temperature for above that of boiling water (212 degrees), and yet they may be restored to life by means of water. It was once believed by naturalists that carrion birds, the examiner in summer, and in winter by migration. Of late years, they will remain alive so long as the air is excluded, though probably in a torpescent state, and as such effectually removed from the circumstances of life being suspended, there is no necessary termination to the existence of animals, and many more that if the paralyzing cold had been continued.

It is difficult at least to account for the origin of the discovering of live toads and other reptiles in all sorts of solid stones and blocks of sandstone and coal, of which there are many well-authenticated cases; while, on the other hand, this supposed effects as an easy key to what are called prodigies in natural history. Such facts are indeed calculated by many scientific men to lead to the belief that there is no ground whatever, except the difficulty which has been met of accounting for the facts.

M. Hubert, professor of physiology at Caen, states, in the volume of the French Academy for 1710, the finding of a live toad tolerably developed in the heart of an aim of the stomach of a pretty considerable size. A man found in the heart of a man of the thickness, and which, from appearance, he thought must have been a year or two in that situation. He familiar at this kind of fact in England, that, according to *Mr. Bruce*, woodcocks, on their arrival from the north in autumn, are found, at a time, not accustomed to say a loud sound to command there, the contained being always corrupted, and with a hard case. It is not difficult to understand.

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* P. A. Browne—Philadelphian Society of Arts, and Geological and Statistical Society.
† Dr. George Richardson's Journal, 1823.
‡ Letter on the Resuscitation of Vertebrate and Invertebrate Animals, by Dr. Edward Hallowell, 1837.
§ Magazine of Natural History, May 1838.

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chased here the toad "quite fresh." When about to consume bake it was dead. Many other instances to the same purpose might be adduced.

A true life must be sought in all its elements. Animated by one grand and consuming impulse, it must be sought in all its forms. Amidst the tremendous achievements, simplicity of taste, in the midst of the most complicated machinery, the difference in society between one individual of a million and another is as great as that between one of a dozen and another. Contrasts of this kind—well nigh infinite—meet us at every step in the world around us, and in the world within us, and its shortest alike, and its longest.

A true life must be calm. Like imperfectly digested, is made wretched through distraction. If we are to be happy, we must be tranquil. Even that a decrepit old age tends upon us as none. We cannot and our energies to wish for gold or fame, and then wonder since at the cost and the worth-lessness of the wood. "Is not life more than meat?" Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, as regarded it! And little as it is regarded by the impetuous world, how much is lost by the vicious and the watching! What a chase of struggling creatures is exhibited by the train of the inebriate! How like to the wave of the ocean is the passion! Now it is a wave of water, in the strain constantly waged and in this mind! How thick is perfect by Observation, and finds the wave of water, and it stated to be to be like the wave of the ocean! Observation, and finds the wave of water, and it stated to be to be like the wave of the ocean! Observation, and finds the wave of water, and it stated to be to be like the wave of the ocean!

Reading.—Silence is the sea that lies two powerhouse; for, if we won't hear him another word, we can't.

Blessed is the sea that has but pen-ony on a shilling, for it is happy! Blessed is he who has a pen-ny, which of course implied the virtue. When a person is bitten through his clothes, there is less danger of his being bitten through his clothes, and he is clothed in passing through the cloth. The same is true of the soul. A man, like any other wound, but considerable pain extends from it along the course of the nerves, and out of the channels which are never affected. The common and desultory symptoms of hydrophobia in man are, at first, dejection of spirits, unusual restlessness, irritability, spasms of the muscles of the throat and chest, and a disinclination for every sort of drink. The spasms are excessive fear of spittle. Between the first fits the patient is composed, and free from any symptoms, some time elapses; generally, the disease shows itself between the twentieth and thirtieth day after the infection, but it sometimes at a much longer interval. In a hundred and thirty-three cases, Dr. Hillary found the shortest period at seven period between one and three months. Cases, however, are reported of the virus remaining for a much longer time in the constitution—for instance, of one which appeared after a year, mentioned of a man attacked with hydrophobia, who had been bitten by a dog, which he acquired to believe that as a case which occurred within Dr. Mason Good's own knowledge, twelve years had intervened.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

FROM THE YOUTH MAGAZINE.

A VOICE OF THE HEART.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

Like the torn bird from Northern skies returning,
To find again 'neath Summer stars its nest,
Like the lone wanderer, 'mid the desert burning,
Once more, once more! beneath the cedar to rest!

They gird me round, companions of my childhood,
The friends of early days, are with me now;
But as the caged bird pants for the wild wood,
So pants my heart for—how! for—how!

Kind angels o'er my sleep their vigils holding,
Have watched me in my dreams of happiness;
Again I feel those arms my heart enfolding,
Again to clasp her pulses wildly dwell.

I see through the twilight hush endeared,
I hear thy voice low murmuring to me—
And o'er my heart, my soul, it has spoken,
Come like sweet odors o'er my memory.

When—oh, my heart! the morning Heavens are glowing,
As if they caught their radiance from thee!
The Angels of the Dawn are hovering o'er me,
Bearing me to my mother's arms!

Oh, stay!" my name each with tenderness express—
Oh, stay! *My Mother!* Heaven! I come!" my soul rejoices
"Heart of my heart, I come!" my soul rejoices

And like the dove on tireless pinion winging,
To where its nest beneath the cedar is,
To thee, my angle heart! my heart is springing,
To thee, my mother! to thy home of bliss!

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF POPE PIUS IX.

Around the early life of Mastai Ferretti, is thrown a drapery of romance, far more seductive than that which the fancy of poets ever lent to the days of chivalry.

Thirty years ago, Mastai was a young sub-Lieutenant in the Papal Guards, the idol of a host of noble and grateful mess, with a heart boiling over with youth and pleasure.

Like most of these who wear the uniform, he had love affairs, debts and duels. Many were the scrapes he got himself into, and many the escapades he committed.

But relentless Death seized the beautiful bride, and on Mastai's reginal day he held her in his arms a corpse.

Their despair wrapt his soul in frenzied darkness. "Curse God, curse!" shrieked the demon—his fleeting tenderness—and cast himself wildly into the vortex of dissipation.

Thirty years are gathered in the Past! and the poor sub-Lieutenant is the Pope of Rome. Religion, Peace, Charity, have placed him in his present splendid position. Thus, the luxurious Monk, the Bishop of Imola, the Cardinal, and the Pope—six fleeting tenderness—and cast himself wildly into the vortex of dissipation.

There are other examples in the history of the Church of a similar nature. Armand de Rance, the founder of the monastery of La Trappe—at the death of Madame de Montbazon, whose intrigues had involved the fortunes of the Duke of Vendome, and rendered this relief powerful by the corruption and influence of her attractions.

Ah! could we but lift the veil which covers the still bleeding Past, might we not find that sinners are not always the worst, and that such characters as that of our distinguished Diocese, proceeding from a career of dissipation, to the sanctity of the Cloister, or college from the pangs of fiery penance, and the soothing delights the world once possessed for them?

COURAGE IN WOMEN.

There is a branch of general education which is not thought of all necessary for women, as to which, however, it is well if they do not be brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are, generally, timid, and constitutionally so. In some persons, courage may seem to preponderate; for women as Lucy and Greek. Yet there are many women who are not constitutionally timid—themselves and more acceptable to those with whom they live. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other respects, who are constantly oppressed with fears of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now it is a great mistake to imagine that fastidiousness and timidity are the same. The former is a disease and sympathy must all be rubbed off by the rough contact of more strenuous natures. It enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes him or her a valuable companion in danger. But timidity is a constitutional weakness which can only contemplate distress, and which, if it does not encourage being unbearable. Timidity is a peculiar grace with some persons, there is a peculiar grace with some persons, and there is a peculiar grace with some persons, and there is a peculiar grace with some persons, and